THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. AUGUST 20, 1913. No.

Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

WINGS OF A DOVE.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying
  Far down the pathway of the west,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying,
  To be at rest.

Pilgrim of air, I cried, could I but borrow
  Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every care-full sorrow,
  And find my rest.

But when the filmy veil of dusk was falling,
  Home flew the dove to seek his nest,
Deep in the forest where his mate was calling
  To love and rest.

Peace, heart of mine! No longer sigh to wander;
  Lose not thy life in barren quest.
There are no happy islands over yonder;
  Come home and rest.

—Henry Van Dyke.

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office of San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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WOMEN AND THE SALOONS.

Another indication of what the liquor traffic will suffer at the hands of women in the next decade or two comes from Illinois where women were given the franchise recently. In Rosiclare a town clerk was to be elected and the saloon question became involved. Of 107 women who voted, 105 were for the candidate who was opposed to the saloons. He was elected by a majority of 147. The number of men voting was 106; only 42 of them favored the candidate who was elected. Therefore, if it had not been for the vote of the women the saloon element would have won.

This is in line with what has taken place already in other communities in Illinois, and which has taken place in California in several places, notably so in Woodland, since women have had the franchise.

It is significant also that when, one day this week, a representative of a labor union in Oakland, thinking that a less number of saloons meant less employment, went to the mayor to protest against the movement for the reduction of the number of saloons from 400 to 200, and their elimination from residence districts, he was told to seek relief from the women who in a league for civic betterment were said to be dominating in this movement.

It is not surprising that the liquor traffic is working to defeat woman suffrage in those states in which the battle for it is now going on. But the triumph of the suffrage cause in every state of the union cannot be defeated. It will be delayed, of course, in some states, but in a few years it will triumph everywhere.

Not a few men who would not vote to destroy the liquor traffic will vote for woman suffrage even though they see that the destruction of that traffic will come through the women voters. This, because they believe that suffrage is as much woman's right and duty as it is man's.

We do not believe that the women of this country will listen to the specious reasoning that the traffic that goes on when the saloon is an outlaw is as bad as that which is licensed and legalized. There have been instances in the past when it was worse—designedly made so by the brewers in order to bring back the saloons. That kind of a fight will be made in the future. And in many an instance it will be more desperate and more prolonged than ever in the past.

Since the foregoing was written there has come to our notice an article in the New York Sun on the workings of woman suffrage in the State of Washington. It was based on information gathered from several sources in the state.

One of the findings was: "Women think more of principle than men are credited with doing at elections."

As to the saloon, this was the brief statement: "Washington is a local option state, and its dry areas are no doubt larger than they would be if the women did not vote." In connection, however, with the foregoing we find the following: "Some seeming anomalies resulted in the Washington elections, such as dry towns being made liquor selling towns since women became voters. This was explained by the fact that women investigated and discovered that dry towns sold as much liquor illegally as they did when as wet towns the liquor was dispensed with the sanction of the law."

Here is something the friends of temperance must meet. Of course liquor will continue to be sold despite prohibitory laws; and as already herein stated it will sometimes be sold and used in such a manner as to render the law obnoxious for a time. But what is the verdict in a state such as Kansas where prohibition has been given a long and fair trial?

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, one of the most reliable of men, wrote in a recent number of the New York Independent: "In a great majority of the 105 counties of the State the prohibitory law is obeyed and enforced as well as other laws. All laws are broken more or less in all States. Murders are committed sometimes, even in New York.

"After thirty-two years of prohibition in Kansas the liquor business ranks with crime, and the man who engages in it is a criminal.

"As a result of prohibition the habit of social drinking has fallen into disrepute. It is probably safe to say that among the 1,600,000 people of Kansas more men and women can be found who never touch intoxicating liquor than in any other spot on the globe.

"Not only is the social use of liquor infrequent and unpopular, but the use of liquor as a medicine is fast disappearing.

"The result of the prohibitory law has been so educational that practically every newspaper in the State is for the law and its enforcement.

"Plenty of economic results of prohibition in Kansas can be shown. The largest per capita wealth is in Kansas today. Kansas contains more people who own their own homes than any other state in the Union."

Recent statistics give the consumption of intoxicating liquors in Kansas as $1.48 per capita; and in the adjoining state of Missouri as $24. Missouri has more than 4000 saloons. Kansas has none.

In Missouri in 1910 there were 426 committals to penal institutions for every 100,000 population; in Kansas the number was 196.

Last year there were $20 per capita deposited in the banks in Missouri; in Kansas $100 per capita.

In Missouri one farmer in 100 owns an automobile; in Kansas one in five.

In Missouri the common laborer receives $8 per week; in Kansas $14.

We quote from a statement made only a few days ago by the Attorney-General of the State of Kansas: "Eighty-

seven of the one hundred and five counties in Kansas have no insane, fifty-four have no feeble-minded, ninety-six have no inebriates and the few we do have come from cities which defy the law to the very last. Thirty-eight county poor farms have no inmates. Only one pauper to every three thousand population. In July, 1911, fifty-three county jails were empty; sixty-five counties had no prisoners serving sentence. Some counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in ten years, and a grand jury is so uncommon that half of our people wouldn't know what it is. In my home county in western Kansas there has never been but one grand jury in its history, and that was twenty-five years ago."

Recently Jean Finot, a Frenchman eminent in the scientific and literary world, wrote:

"The twentieth century will be the century of woman, as the eighteenth and the nineteenth were especially those of the 'rights of man.' . . . Woman no longer clings to time-honored privileges, but is everywhere demanding equal rights. The near future will probably side with her, following the old saying, 'A woman must have her way.' We shall thus witness the most magnificent social transformation that has been realized since the fall of the Roman Empire. Humanity, directed by man, will suddenly find itself guided and inspired jointly by the two sexes."

One of the first things in this evolution of humanity, guided and inspired by woman as well as by man, we believe will be the elimination from our civilization of the saloon.

DR. GULICK OF JAPAN SPEAKS ON THE PROBLEM OF THE RELATION OF THE JAPANESE AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick spoke on the foregoing subject at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. Dr. Gulick has been engaged in missionary and educational work in Japan for many years; he has made a study of the evolution of the Japanese; he knows them as only those can know them who have thus studied their civilization, and his judgment thereon is one which should have weight.

It is his opinion that there is a New East, an Orient, that the West little comprehends; that there is both in Japan and in China a national consciousness which the other great nations must consider and reckon with; that it is not permanently possible for mankind to develop apart from them. All of which will be painfully evident before the close of the present century if the pressing problem of our relations with them is not understood and met aright very soon.

In the beginning of his address Dr. Gulick was careful to make himself understood as not favoring free and unlimited immigration.

But whatever is done must be done in the right manner, so as not to wound a people who are in many ways not at all our inferiors and in some ways our superiors, remarked Dr. Gulick. Our legislation with reference to them should not be discriminatory.

We were admonished not to estimate the Japanese people by those who came to this country—almost without exception from the lowest classes; and with much emphasis was it declared by the speaker that the Japanese had a valuable contribution to make to that future universal man, the foreseen product of our world civilization.

As to their assimilableness Dr. Gulick spoke with the conviction of authoritativeness.

It is his judgment that there are no inherent differences between the Japanese and other peoples, that the things differentiating them from other races are to be attributed to the social order. The Japanese children born in Hawaii, he declared, became really American.

As to marriage he of course questioned the wisdom of such an alliance on the part of an American girl and a Japanese laborer. No compatibility, no community of interest, no companionship in spirit there! But it was indicated that there is a plane on which Japanese and American stand together, and where any relation in life into which the individuals particularly concerned may elect to enter is not to be condemned.

As to loyalty to the country which they may adopt as their own, Dr. Gulick had no doubts. Of late, it was said, the Japnese had come to realize that there was really less difference between our nation and theirs than between clans in their own nation. It had been for long a characteristic of the Japanese to be thoroughly loyal to the clan into which they entered by marriage or otherwise; and his knowledge of them led Dr. Gulick to assert that the United States need never entertain a fear as to the loyalty of such as might be admitted to citizenship. As to citizenship here he said that Japan was ready to grant that privilege to such as we might be willing to receive thus.

Already, he remarked, Japan had entered into world affairs economically; socially and spiritually she had stood aloof. Now she was ready to enter in every way and to give her contribution to humanity's great future.

In way of suggestion as to how the United States could best meet the problem of the orient Dr. Gulick gave in brief some ideas of his as to immigration. He would have it restricted by a law which would allow to enter this country something like three per cent of each of the nationalities now represented here.

Running through the whole address was the thread of a profound conviction, based on a study and thorough acquaintance with the Asiatic races, their past, present and prospective future, that our own national interests and integrity and the future of humanity demanded from this country that there be no discriminatory legislation.

Although Dr. Gulick's plan would admit to the United States only a small number of Japanese and a large number from other nationalities we infer that it would be acceptable to Japan. That Government has no desire to see this coast overrun by its people. The giving of them the right of citizenship even in a limited way would be to recognize all for which they contend; it would put them on a basis of equality.

For several years The Pacific has contended for some such position as this by the Government of the United States.

That this nation cannot either in right or with safety go on denying citizenship to the Japanese is the judgment of our most thoughtful people who are informed as to the Orient and world problems. Dr. Gulick's suggestion leads us to note a few others.

In its issue for the second of August The Outlook made this suggestion:

"Allow Japan to regulate emigration to the United States (as she is now doing) with the renewed understanding between our Government and hers that she is not to permit emigration en masse or even such a volume or of such a kind as would be socially, economically, or politically

embarrassing to us in the Pacific Coast states.

"Grant the right of naturalization to individual Japanese of proper personal qualifications who are now permanently settled in the United States and to individual Japanese who may hereafter come here under the terms of the understanding mentioned in the foregoing paragraph—such applicants for naturalization being required to present a passport from the Japanese Government with the indorsement 'expatriation authorized' as a guarantee that the Japanese Government approves of the bearer's abandonment of Japanese allegiance."

In May The Pacific quoted Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu, who has made a thorough study of the problem of our relations to the Oriental, as having said:

"If Congress would place the Asiatic on a level with all other races in eligibility for naturalization, follow this up by guarding American citizenship by requiring the passage of a stiff civil service examinaton n the English franchise, upon Amercan civics by every candidate for the franchise, and then enact a law admitting only a definite number of laboring men annually from each foreign country we should get no more than we could assimilate healthfully."

Recently there was put in circulation in Hawaii a petition to President Wilson asking him "to throw the influence of his administration in favor of the enactment of such legislation in congress as may be required to do away with race barriers to naturalization even while it may increase and add other qualifications necessary to be met prior to admitting any person of any nationality to citizenship under our laws."

In the New York Sun for August the third, Dr. William Elliot Griffis plead for a better understanding between the Orient and the Occident. Dr. Griffis is an authority on Japan. He helped to found there the existing system of education. His pupils of years agone are now statesmen and teachers, scientists, judges, embassadors and diplomats. Perhaps he knows and understands the Japanese as no other living man does. Dr. Griffis writes: "Nothing will solve the problem confronting us except facing the full truth and telling the truth about the Japanese. . . . Only the spirit of Him in whom is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, barbarian or Scythian, will meet the crisis. Treaty obligations are important, but truth, righteousness and justice are more. The Oriental in our literature and prejudices is a literary myth. He does not exist."

Dr. Griffis declares: "Just as surely as the Hebrew in his long battle and against all odds won, so will the Japanese. He will live down the slander and lies told about him just as the Hebrew and the Irishman have done. It is suggested to the people of the United States to remember that all history has but one story to tell: "Prosecutors have gone to sand, desert, and oblivion, while the slandered Asiatics live and thrive—with Manhattan as their modern Jerusalem." The parallel between Jews and Japanese, who have plenty of Semitic blood in them, is closer, he says, than many imagine.

Dr. Griffis contends, as do these others, that we have no right to deny naturalization to the Japanese. The question of naturalization he regards as entirely different from that of unrestricted emigration. "It is only the ignorant who contend that the one follows the other, or that white labor must wither before the Asian."

"Better call back all our missionaries and teachers, tear up the Declaration of Independence and haul down the Star Spangled Banner, rather than discriminate permanently against any color, creed, or nation," says Dr. Griffis.

Dr. Gulick, in his address last Monday, intimated that this nation might yet have the California legislature to thank for bringing to the front by its uncalled-for enactment this question of naturalization. When we have settled that, and settled it aright—according to the principles on which our nation was founded—we shall have entered on the solution of the problem of the relation of the Orient to the Occident.

No student of world affairs believes that this nation can permanently deny to the Asiatics the same treatment that it gives other peoples. If this is not done ere long, whether the Japanese will resort to war we do not know, cannot foresee. In another age they would have done this. Perhaps in this age they will show themselves masters in ethics and religion, really the whiter of the two, and shame and peacefully press us on to the right. Of old was it written: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law."

DR. BROOKS ENTERS ON WORK AS STUDENT PASTOR.

Last Sunday, in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, welcome was given the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, who has come to take up the work of Student Pastor at the University of California in connection with that of professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in Pacific Theological Seminary.

Mr. Miles, the pastor of the First Church, in and through which Mr. Brooks is to work, said in his introductory remarks that Mr. Brooks had come to this work because, in part, the church had assured him that it should be its work as well as his. As pastor of the church he called attention to the fact that Mr. Brooks had been invited by it to make use of it in such manner as best to advance the interests of the church kingdom in the lives of the students; that he was to be in and of the church with every right of any pastor and to have hearty co-operation.

After a few words in recognition of the gracious welcome Dr. Brooks announced as text the 4th and 5th verses of the 12th chapter of Romans: "For, as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

He spoke, then, in part as follows:

"By the common consent of all who have given careful thought to it, one of the largest and most imperative tasks before the church in our generation is to interpret the gospel to the students in our colleges and universities in the warm and vital language in which they are compelled to do their thinking.

"The church and the school are each faced with the responsibility of overcoming the divorce between the spiritual and the intellectual leadership with which we have been seriously threatened—a divorce which is even now in some quarters painfully evident. It would seem to be perfectly manifest that the church and the school must work together in this supreme task. Indeed, the aim of the school and of the church at this point are fundamentally identical, though their methods differ. The purpose of religion and education are one. There can be no contrast between the noblest character and the profoundest scholarship. The end of education is not information but inspiration, not to fill the mind with facts and formulas, but to lead the life into grasp, insight, character, serviceableness. The business of the school is, as one of our greatest university presidents has put it," to bring about an adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race." But precisely this is the function of the church—not to defend a dogma, nor to propa-

gate a creed, nor to extend an institution, but to develop the souls of men into conscious and noble consecration, which shall issue in character, capacity, purpose, power.

"It has been in the earnest hope that I might in some measure help to clear the way for this union of the church and the school in this supreme task of leading the students of this great university to the noblest and most whole-hearted consecration of their powers to the service of their fellows that I have been glad to accept the invitation of the churches of the Conferences of Northern and Southern California.

"I have come to Berkeley to do what lies in my power to bring to the students of the University the vision of the values of life as we have found them in Christ Jesus and to work with you in relating our Congregational students especially as helpfully and cordially as possible to the church. There will be approximately four hundred Congregational students in the University this year, a larger number who belong to our denominational family, I presume, than are to be found in all of our three so-called Congregational colleges on the Pacific Coast. Perhaps one-fourth of this number are already actively enlisted in some form of church activity in Oakland and in San Francisco. It is safe to say that this church and our North church will be responsible for the religious life of at least three hundred students who have come from Congregational homes. In addition to this number there will be approximately 1200 students in the University who indicate no church preference. This does not mean that this large number are not interested in the message of the church. Among them will be found some of the most capable and high-minded students in the University. It does mean that our responsibility is by no means defined when we have discovered and are caring for the students who indicate their desire to have fellowship with us. It seems to those who have considered the situation that if this church measures up to its opportunity we ought in the course of the year to be in touch with and helpful to at least 500 students.

"I am thinking of course not alone of the extent of our influence but even more of its intent, but of this, I am sure, our influence in this particular matter is apt to be deep and lasting as it is wide and generous, and our responsibility does not stop short of this four or five hundred young people, all of whom ought to feel our shepherding care and all of whom ought to be helped to the vision glorious through us. Here, then, is our problem. I take it for granted that all of you believe it can be solved, or you would not have invited me to come. It is for us to find the way and then to walk in it.

"Three things at least would seem to be requisite for its solution, a working force—a sympathetic relation, and a clear objective. First, a working force. In this case the working force is the membership of this church. Permit me to say: I have not come to make your tasks little but to make them great, not to relieve you of responsibility, but so far as it lies in my power to share with you responsibilities which are great enough and inspiring enough to command all the ability and devotion we can summon.

"There are certain ancient conceptions of the church which are not yet entirely obsolete from which I doubt not all of us have been delivered in theory but to which many are yet in bondage in practice, for often an idea may dwell for a thousand years in the mind before it determines the lives of men, and often it may continue in the practice of men when it is no longer recognized as true in theory. From the practice of certain conceptions we need to be frankly delivered as insufficient for our task and as misleading in relation to it. The church is not a ferry boat to carry a lot of idle passengers to the heavenly shore, whether that land of pure delight be supposed to lie yonder or here in the world of our speculations and fancies. The church is not an insurance company, to insure against fire in another world, and the man who is seeking that sort of insurance may as well remain outside the church. The church is not a mutual improvement society, its chief concern the welfare of its own fellowship. The church is a school for the ignorant, a hospital for the sin sick, the careworn and the blind; it is a life-saving station to redeem the lives of men and women from the sordidness of greed and the shame of self-seeking into the glorious devotion of the sons of God—it is a light to those in darkness, a hand to lift the fallen; it is the union of those who love in the interest of those who need; it is the body of Christ, through which the spirit and character of Jesus are to find expression in the life of the world. Its value is to be discovered, not in what it enables us to get, but in what it enables us to give. The church is an atmosphere even more than it is an institution.

"If this be true then certain things are clear. If we expect to help the students we must be where we expect the students to be. Young people go where young people are. People young or old go where people warmhearted and large minded are to be found—and that because we are members one of another. Nowhere is it more clearly true than in the church. "To him that hath shall be given." It has been suggested that the evening service should be especially devoted to the students. I am ready for it if it is wise. But it will be wise only on condition that a considerable number of like-minded people at considerable sacrifice to themselves are willing to be present with faithfulness and with joy for the purpose of helping to create the atmosphere which will of itself kindle into life the germs of lofty moral and spiritual character which lie buried in all our hearts. In the name of Christ and for the sake of the students I challenge you to this superlative task.

"Second. It will at once be recognized that our relation with the students must be personal and not official. The student is not to be looked upon as belonging to another order of life. His problems are our common human problems. His needs are the needs common to us all and his deepest need is the need for friendship unobtrusive but genuine. When a boy away from home is fighting to maintain clean habits in the face of all manner of temptations; when he is struggling to keep hold of his Christian faith in the presence of intellectual discoveries which seem to him to tear it all to pieces, it makes all the difference between victory and defeat to have some older friends who are at hand to help him. There are enough of us to go around to furnish every boy and girl with that sort of reinforcement until he will be saying to himself in the hour of his struggle: "I am not alone in this fight. These friends are watching me and they care tremendously whether I win or not.'

"I must not stop today to attempt to define the objective beyond reminding you of what I have already said. It is not our business to have a dogma—nor to propagate a creed nor even to extend the influence of an institution. It is not our business to solve the social problem but to build men and women through whom it will be solved. It is not our concern to build great congregations but to build good men and women. A church is valuable in pro-

portion as she helps to bring men into likeness to Christ and she is valueless as she fails to do this.

"There is no need today for a larger number of men and women with trained minds but with selfish purposes. They bring confusion and distress and become a drag and a burden. But there was never greater need for men and women of large vision and generous devotion to the needs of men.

"The value of any man's life depends puon its spiritual quality. The greatest task in which it is possible to engage is to maintain the sense of the unseen and imperishable values of life in the face of the dust and smoke by which the eyes of many are blinded.

"That we may not lose the way let us walk with Him whose life is the light of the world that our vision of Him may become a light upon our way and a burning hope within our souls."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Presbyterian benevolences now amount to five million dollars a year, the largest of any single religious organization in the United States. Last year the amount contributed for home missions was $1,928,300, exclusive of the Kennedy and other unusual gifts.

Several years ago Dr. Josiah Strong wrote a book entitled "Our Country." Then followed one on "Expansion." Now comes one entitled "Our World." "The world is my country," said an ancient philosopher. As never before are people realizing that truth and acting thereon.

William T. Ellis, the well-known journalist, says that the church people are beginning to see that the only way to make a religious paper grow is by the testimony and friendly assistance of its readers. "They are at last sensing the truth that we are merely representing them, and that a religious newspaper is as indispensable to the work of the church as is the General Assembly or the presbytery."

For the first time Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, has kept open during the summer and the experiment has proved remarkably gratifying in the results. A constant attendant reports that "at the first service there was only a handful present, at the next a corporal's guard, the next Sunday the church was filled, the following week the galleries also were packed and on the last Sunday hundreds of disappointed persons were turned away." John McNeill, the noted Scotch preacher, filled the pulpit and filled the auditorium.

Evidently religious work among university students is needed. An article in Leslie's Weekly states: "Of the graduating class of Columbia University, for instance, fifty-two confessed that they never attended the campus chapel service, eight declared themselves without religion, and fifty-two were not sufficiently interested in the question of church-going to answer it. Only one member put himself down as a regular attendant at chapel. Only one of an entire graduating class! But the favorite dances of these young gentlemen are set down as "the turkey-trot and tango.' Thirty-six of these graduates are to become lawyers."

The Boston Transcript says that the Rev. Dr. W. T. Patchell of Torrington, Connecticut, while spending his vacation at Lake Spofford in New Hampshire, received a handsome silver loving-cup from the guests at the inn as a token of regard. "Dr. Patchell was a great favorite and was called upon to do the honors at the presentation of the prizes which were offered each week in the golf and tennis tournaments and athletic events, and was in demand at all social functions. On his leaving last week the cup appripriately inscribed, was presented to him, and he was made to promise that, with his son, Robert, he would return for two weeks as the guest of the managers."

The Continent, one of our Presbyterian "exchanges," remarks: "The interdenominational commission of Maine has been at work now for more than a score of years and has a record excelling any other similar agency in the virtuous industry of eliminating superfluous churches from overchurched villages. Its task has gone on smoothly because it has from the first operated on the principle that it would not ask any denomination to retire from a given community until it could plan to compensate that same denomination by clearing the field for its benefit in some other community. Thus all changes have been exchanges and nobody is loser. The commission does not favor federated churches."

A San Francisco correspondent of an Eastern Presbyterian paper writes as follows concerning what he calls a unique situation in Oakland: "Chief of Police W. J. Peterson, elder in Brooklyn Church, and Rev. Franklin Rhoda, pastor of Fruitvale Church, have been engaged in a conflict over the proper solution of the red light problem. The chief is a militant elder and often takes to the pulpit on civic affairs. He advocates segregation, while Pastor Rhoda criticises him and leads a marching crusade against the disreputable resorts. The elder's pastor, Rev. H. K. Sanborne, disagrees with the chief, but, like a large majority of church people, respects the honesty of his personal character and opinion."

Mention has been made in The Pacific of Miss Munson, the young woman who is mayor at Warrenton, Oregon. Not long ago the question of reissuing the license of the one saloon in Warrenton came up. Miss Munson reasoned as follows: "There are fifty saloons in Astoria, seven miles distant, and four saloons in Hammond, three miles away. I thought the thing out carefully and decided that as long as the government and the saloon man were in partnership it was not fair to punish the weaker partner—the saloon man. As long as you and I and the others who constitute the government tell the saloon man that he may pay a certain sum of money to carry on his business all that we can do is to see that he does not transgress the laws. The real solution of the problem is for the government not to become the silent partner of the liquor men."

When President Wilson was urging John R. Mott to accept the office of United States Minister to China, a New York journalist wrote concerning him: "Most of the time he is on the move. The world is his parish, and his parishioners are a lively lot and need attention. When he is at home he is in Montclair, N. J. He is perhaps an inch short of six feet, well proportioned and enormously in earnest. He does not deal in the flowers of speech. Perhaps he never consciously put together a verbal posy. But he always knows what he is going to talk about—knows it down to the last tail-feather, the last track in the mud—and his talk is a straightforward, lucid, close-knit presen-

tation of facts. . . . His audiences do not consciously breathe until he is through. It isn't word-magic. It's just competency plus sincerity."

Mrs. Catherine Booth-Clibborn, daughter of the late General William Booth, with her husband, A. S. Clibborn, is to speak this week at the Bible Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana. It is her purpose to spend the winter in this country in evangelistic missions. Catherine Booth conducted her first mission at Leicester, England, when a mere girl of fourteen. She traveled a great deal with her mother, especially in Scotland, and was wonderfully used of God to stir that country. When twenty years old she started the work of the Salvation Army at Paris. After her marriage the Clibborns labored together in Switzerland, where she was imprisoned, but was released through the efforts of Queen Victoria, who sent a special ambassador to Geneva to plead her cause. She has conducted missions in hundreds of English towns and cities, working with all evangelical denominations.

Among the resolutions adopted at the International Christian Endeavor Convention in Los Angeles was this: "We congratulate California for her forward steps in temperance and industrial reform. It would be an insult to the Christian citizenship of this great commonwealth to question the outcome of the referendum on the Red Light Abatement and Injunction bill passed by the Legislature and signed by the governor. But every right-thinking man and woman carrying the high responsibility of citizenship must be thoroughly aroused, and unrelentingly active if this eminently desirable law is to be saved from the hands of its saloon and brothel enemies. The defeat of this law would be regarded as a national invitation for Christian people and decent citizens generally to remain away from the exposition of 1915."

MORE VERY ANCIENT HISTORY.

Darwin's Theory of Evolution.

J. Rowell.

Professor Joseph Le Conte once said in our Ministers' Meeting, "Evolution is no longer a theory; it is a proved and established fact. Man is the summit and goal of organic evolution, and Jesus Christ is the summit and goal of human evolution." But if the Darwinian theory of evolution be true, what right had Professor Le Conte to set a limit to its operation? Why may there not be evolved a race as far excelling ours as we excel the tadpoles? And why may there not be another Christ as far superior to the one we worship as he excelled other men? Who can say to Evolution, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"?

Our lamented Brother Adams once said to us, "Do not talk about Evolution since you know nothing about it." But all of us do know something about Darwinism. Darwin, before he died, came to own that there must have been a Creator to begin life (Huxley and Haeckel deny or ignore this assumption),, but that once begun in the atom (Huxley—"moneron," a speck too small for human eye or any instrument to detect), it evolved of its own force, by "the survival of the fittest," in countless centuries, through reptile, fish, mammal, etc., into the ape and then into man. But Darwin (as Wilbur Hall, in his "Problem of Human Life," has fully shown) was wholly wrong, and his theory of evolution was false from foundation to capstone. There is a kind of evolution in God's work in this world, but it is not that which Darwin imagined.

Man, "the summit and goal of organic evolution"!—nothing could be farther from the truth. The first man was the grandest of his race. The man that God placed in Eden was larger than Goliath of Goth, stronger than Samson, and were he here now would need a hat larger than the one worn by Daniel Webster. And the history of the nations show that, except by the intervention of God's grace, instead of evolution, we have been, through the ages, passing through a process of devolution, so that, unless by the intervention of Christ and His gospel, the human race will fade and perish from the earth.

The finest specimens of the human race lived before the flood of Noah, when, as we may suppose, the earth was clothed with a garment of dense vapor, which gave to men an equable climate, and so helped to develop the best type of men, as well as animals, and to prolong human life to ten times its present average length. Should the spade-wielders ever uncover the bones of Adam (begging pardon of the not ever and over truthful Roman Catholic church, through whose ingenious kindness I saw the tomb of Adam, in carved stone, in the church of the "Holy Sepulchre," in Jerusalem), or Methuselah, they will find that there were not only huge saurians and megatheriums, but "there were giants in those days."

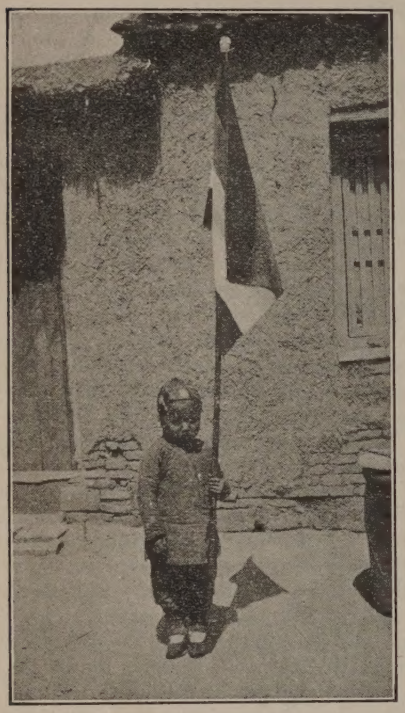
Even now, in so-called "Christian" nations, Emperor William II can no longer fill up regiments with such tall men as did William I, and especially Frederick the Great, and the English have been forced to lower the standard of height for the recruits to their army and navy. Scripture says, "Sin entered this world and death by sin," and this death means not only dissolution, but also slow death, or decay. Here, in the most favored of all the "Christian" nations, with alcohol killing hundreds of thousands every year, and "white slavery" filtering contagious poison into the veins of uncounted thousands, and through the deadly work of the two, innumerable physically weak and "feeble-minded" children are brought into being. Who can tell how long the infusion of foreign blood will preserve us from the fate of Babylon,, and ancient Greece and Rome's fatal decay, and perhaps subjection to the hordes of less vicious Chinese and Japanese?

As the ages roll on, knowledge increases, and "science" finds out many things that God hid in the natural world, but naturally, humanity decays, so that instead of evolution we find devolution everywhere, except where God's remedy does its work, and counteracts the poisonous work of sin. "God made man upright" and strong and grand, "but he has sought out many inventions" or ways of getting rid of God, and so has forfeited God's uplifting grace and power to save.

Darwin's theory of the "survival of the fittest" is so far true as this (though this is not at all what he meant by it), that virtuous and hygienic living tends to long life. This Scripture teaches and long experience proves true. But the inference so commonly drawn from his theory, that there is a natural and sure tendency to improvement in human life, is wholly false. Had not sin entered the world, this might have been the experience of the race, but "sin entered and death by sin," and from Adam till now the tendency of human life has been downward and deathward. Only, and so far as the grace of God turns back the tide, devolution and death are the sure tendency and doom of the human race.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

This little pictured standard-bearer has been chosen as the herald of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific. If his home were in California instead of Lintsingchow, China, he would be seen standing on the corner of Twelfth and Clay streets, Oakland, the morning of the first Wednesday in September, holding a large banner.



An arresting little figure he would prove, tempting one to ask where he was taught to stand with such military bearing, what his mother called him, what he ate to make so round a face, whether he could handle chopsticks, and innumerable other questions, among them the pertinent one of why he was standing just there at that particular time. That question his banner would answer, for on it would be printed in large letters:

WELCOME!

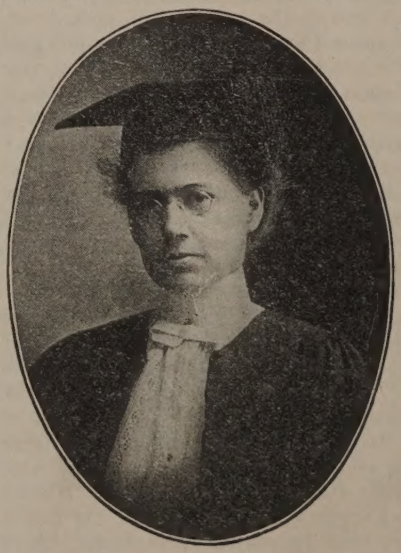
At the First Congregational Church, Oakland,
To the Fortieth Annual Meeting of the
Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific
Corner Twelfth and Clay Streets.
Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, from 10 a.m. to 3:30 p. m.
Lunch will be served for 15 cents.

The little fellow himself would be a living expression of the work of the society, whose name appears on his banner—the work which, now for forty years, the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, has been doing through its women missionaries in teaching, healing, comforting, and leading to the light the women and children of foreign lands where the love of God, the Father, and the life of Jesus Christ are unknown.

Attractive and interesting as the little herald might be standing outside on the church steps, if he **could** be there, within, there will be seen and heard an even more entertaining visitor from Lintsingchow, who **can** be there. Dr. Susan B. Tallmon, the Board's own medical missionary, after seven wonderfully full years of ministration, is home on a furlough. From her own lips will be heard some of the experiences of these seven years of unremitting service for the suffering poor of North China. Fighting single-handed scourges of plague and other epidemics, touring at times over roads so rough that tears forbidden would come to the eyes, spending nights in native houses, receiving at the dispensary many thousands of calls, and even then being forced to turn many afflicted ones away who had waited all day, at all times in closest touch with the people, who could more ably recount the conditions and needs of the field, and who would be more sympathetically welcomed to a home-coming for a year's rest and change?

Lintsingchow is but one of the Board's mission fields. Reports will be given of unusual interest this year of the life and work at Brousa, Turkey. Brousa was a household word to the earliest members of the board. For the girls' school at Brousa great things, seemingly impossible things, were undertaken through prayer and faith by the earnest women of the board when the W. B. M. P. was in its infancy essaying its first steps. The time has come when the building erected in those early years, beautifully situated on the heights above the city, calls for enlargement and repairs, to meet the needs of the increased numbers in the school. So freely has the mission at Brousa given aid these past months to the stricken ones in Turkey, that her reward is sure, and with what measure she gave will be given her in return. Refugees fleeing from flaming homes and hideous battle-fields poured into Brousa by the thousands, naked, hungry and shelterless, on their way to interior towns. Miss Jillson and Miss Allen were untiring in their services in the relief work, assisting the Government and the Red Cross Society in their care of the sufferers.

Miss Edith Parsons, from California, has nearly completed her first year as teacher at Brousa, adding greatly to the life of the school with her youthful enthusiasm and optimism. After reading from one of her letters this expression of her faith, "It is a fundamental part of my theology that you are being taken care of by the Lord, whether you are being massacred or not," no one can doubt of the cheerful confident courage with which she welcomes all experiences.



Dr. Susan B. Tallmon.

"The Doshisha Building Fund," our $20,000.00 pledge, which for years has exceeded our grasp, partly as inspiration, partly as challenge to our faith and efforts, has been overtaken and

Brousa.

built without possibility of escape into the walls of the beautiful Pacific Hall, making possible the offering of wonderful opportunities to the young women of Japan. Our Foreign Secretary stated in her semi-annual report, "The problem of Japan at the present moment is the problem of its women. The education of women has made great advance in Japan, but has not by any means kept pace with that of the men, so that it is said that a greater gulf exists between most men and their wives than existed in the old feudal days. Never in the history of Christian work in Japan has there been a larger problem before the workers; to save the educational situation is to act now or never."

"Miss Denton" and the "Doshisha" are almost synonymous terms in the minds of the members of the Board. Her tireless energy and unflagging spirit amaze all who come in touch with her. In the annual report of 1888 the foreign secretary thus wrote concerning her: "She loves her work and her people. She considers the work a privilege and asks, "Why should any one think it hard to leave America and work in the favored country of Japan? Just look at the United States ministers! Their friends envy them their appointments. Why not the Lord's ministers? It is no sacrifice to go to Japan!' Her daily programme reads like a railroad time-table: 'Rise at five; study Japanese from 5:15 to 6:15," and so on, for every minute of the seven hundred and twenty. Besides teaching the usual studies through all the usual school-room hours, in recreation time theological students are given instruction in Isaiah, Japanese women are interested by talks, prayer-meetings are held, and in season and out of season the language presents itself a wrestling opponent." Recent visitors to Japan testify that Miss Denton's days are just as crowded in the year 1913. She has time for every thing but a furlough.

The Board sends its greeting to each member of every auxiliary. It realizes keenly the responsibility to use wisely and effectively the gifts which come from each sympathetic heart through mite-barrel or bank account. It wishes it were possible that all could know the conditions and needs of the fields, and the worth and consecration of the workers as they are revealed through the closer touch which the Board is privileged to enjoy in acting as your stewards. Devote this one day in the year to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the women and children whose hearts are crying to you for help; come and learn from the testimony of experienced workers, effective methods for interesting and teaching young people how to share with others their greater blessings.

Miss Ledyard, whom we sent out last year, is devoting herself in a whole-hearted way at Foochow to the understanding of the Chinese language, preparatory to her kindergarten work.

Last year relief came to our work, almost at the last moment, through a legacy from Annette M. Wright, a lover of missions of Washington, D. C., who up to this time is unknown to the board.

The lives of children in India are always especially appealing. To our interest in those of Madura Mission is added our especial sympathy with Rev. James C. Perkins, a Californian, and personally known to many of us. Many times his prayers of faith have opened doors which seemed sealed beyond all undoing. The board is facing a door in India that is only partway open at this time. We believe the help will come to swing it wide.

Our Children at Aruppukottai.

We are to have the great pleasure of welcoming to our midst again Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks, who will contribute an interesting part of the program—in the morning; so let every one come promptly at ten o'clock, stay for lunch and remain during the afternoon session. Every church is urged to be largely represented.

THE PLEASURES OF PRAYER.

Edward A. Lathrop.

When Sir John Lubbock wrote "The Pleasures of Life," he should have included a chapter on prayer; for, surely, if prayer were not one of the pleasures of life, many people would not pray.

It is a pleasure even to read other peoples' printed prayers. "O Lord, with whom is the fountain of life, give us all, we entreat thee, grace and good will to follow the leadings of thy most Holy Spirit. Let the dew of thy grace descend and abide upon us, refreshing that which droops, reviving that which is ready to perish; until the day when all thy faithful people shall drink of the river of thy pleasures." In Christina Rosetti prayer is at its best.

Is prayer properly called a pleasure? Let us ask Gertrude, a Benedictine nun of the thirteenth century, canonized a saint, who enjoyed many visions and received many revelations. She says in her "Revelations," giving the account in the third person: "One day at chapel she heard supernaturally sung the words, 'Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.' The Son of God, leaning towards her like a sweet lover and giving to her soul the softest kiss, said to her at the second Sanctus: 'In this Sanctus addressed to my person, receive with this kiss all the sanctity of my divinity and of my humanity and let it be to thee a sufficient preparation for the approaching communion table,' and the next following Sunday, while she was thanking God for this favor, behold the Son of God, more beauteous than a thousand angels, takes her in his arms as if he were proud of her and presents her to God the Father. And the Father took such delight in this soul thus presented by his only Son that, as if unable to restrain himself, he gave her, and the Holy Ghost gave her also, the sanctity attributed to each by his own Sanctus:—and thus she remained endowed with the plenary fullness of the blessing of Sanctity bestowed upon her by Omnipotence, by Wisdom, and by Love."

Less exalted perhaps are our experiences: but sometimes at least, we leave the world of sense, rise into the subliminal and float and soar and sing. Happy are those who sometimes at least enjoy the beatific vision.

Happy are those who accomplish their purpose through prayer! Happy those who get results! We can but believe that the man who secured three loaves of bread from his unwilling and sleepy neighbor at midnight took great satisfaction in his success. So the woman who wearied the judge and got even with her adversary.

"I believe that God hears me." "I look for answers to my prayers," said George Miller, of Bristol, England, whose great life work was completed in 1898. With no means but prayer, Mr. Miller secured funds for founding and supporting five orphanages, schools in which one hundred and twenty-one thousand pupils received instruction, and for publishing millions of books and pamphlets. The Master said, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Probably the chief pleasure prayer brings is that of companionship, so many lives are lonely. "Lord, shew forth thy loving kindness, I entreat thee, to all who in this world feel themselves neglected or little loved or forgotten. Be thou their beloved companion, and let communion with thee be to them more dear than the tenderest earthly intercourse. Teach them to discern thee in all with whom they come in contact and to love and serve thee in them. On earth grant them comfort by the repentance of any who have wronged them, and in heaven comfort in the communion of all saints with one another and with thee."

When prayer is vital, communion with God is more dear than the tenderest earthly intercourse. We find the inseparable companion. We hear the voice of the beloved. We can say, "Jesus, lover of my soul." There are always barriers to human intercourse, veils which separate if they do not hide. Others fail to understand us because their experience is not our experience; but God understands, and friendship with Him is the most real thing in Christian experience, and friendship with him fits us for human friendships.

One reason why prayer brings happiness is because it brings self-deliverance. The every-day conscious self is too much with us. Another consciousness, even for a little while, is deliverance. It gives us the refreshment of a vacation. This we need not seek through day dreams, travel, novels; through trances, psychological ventures, spiritism Nirvana, for there is a better way. This "other" consciousness is sometimes called the "cosmic" consciousness; the other mind, the subconscious, or the subliminal mind; the other soul, the over soul. The name we give to the self or the consciousness is not important. Whether we are one, two, or three, is not the purpose of this inquiry. There is another, not ourselves. Communion with him is self-deliverance.

In addition to an excessive consciousness of self, some even in this happy day, have a consciousness of sin, of guilt. Prayer often brings a change so happy that it can be described in the words of Billy Bray in whom the change was wrought. "I can't help praising the Lord. As I go along the streets, I lift one foot and it seems to say 'Glory'; and I lift up the other, and it seems to say, 'Amen'; and so it seems to keep up like that all the time I am walking." I imitate Billy and it helps. I have told this story to a friend whom I meet very often. He says, "Glory." I respond, "Amen," and both are blessed.

Prayer transports us into a paradise of inward tranquility, security and peace. It gives us the Mystics' knowledge that all is well with the universe; it enables us to say with Marcus Aurelius, "Everything is harmonious with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe." A feeling of security in a world whose axis is slanting and shifting, whose weather is constantly changing, with waters above and fires beneath and floods east and west, is indeed miraculous. There is a peace which comes in spite of the insecurity of the outward dying universe. It is the peace of God.

The pleasures of prayer may be carried to excess. Take the matter of companionship or friendship with God.

> "The man who hails you 'Tom' or 'Jack,'
> And proves by thumping on your back
> His sense of your great merit,
> Is such a friend that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed
> To pardon or to bear it."

The Lord must have found it hard to forgive the woman who said, "I have such good times with Jesus." In my opinion Saint Gertrude overworked her special grace and privilege with undue familiarity. She was too much like Mary Anne, whose epitaph was written by Eugene Fields: "Here lies the body of Mary Anne, who rests in the bosom of Abraham. It's very nice for Mary Anne, but pretty tough on Abraham." Let us do what we may to save the dignity of the Lord.

Prayer may be excessive in its rapture. It may become intoxication, delirium. Be not like the savages and heathen who work themselves into a frenzy, or those who get the power or the jerks; like those who speak with tongues and megaphones, who try to imitate King David in leaping and dancing before the Lord: who, without the spirit of the apostles, would re-enact Pentecost. Aerial and subterranean navigation have their dangers. Witness Elijah at Carmel and Saul at Endor.

Excessive satisfaction in deliverance from sin gives that feeling of holiness. Excessive peace leads many to forget the suffering that is in the world. They do not recognize the existence of sin or suffering and consistently make no contribution to its relief.

The accidents of time and place and method may increase or diminish the pleasures of prayer. Personally, I enjoy praying in public less than in private. I enjoy the prayers of others more than my own compositions. I can understand why many love their prayer book, the Book of Common Prayer, or something better. A respectable hymnal makes a good prayer book. But, pray, do not use one of the Gospel Hymn type because it is cheap. I prefer good diction in prayers. I enjoy the splendor of rhetoric of the historic prayers, and deem it a legitimate enjoyment though one in which there is danger. There is no finer literature than the literature of prayer, no higher art than the art of prayer.

I can understand why some love the intoned service; to whom the incense and the candles, the architecture and the music all are prayer. Reverence and dignity are not yet overdone in our Protestant Christianity. Forms and attitudes may aid the spirit.

Some of us, unfortunately, have little sentiment. The melting moods come seldom, yet we may claim some of the pleasures of prayer. Many find life a mixture of pain and pleasure. Those whom Satan roughly buffets ought to say with Thomas a Kempis, "Though thou exposest me to divers temptations and adversities, yet thou orderest all things to my advantage, in which trial of me thou oughtest to be no less loved and praised than if thou did'st fill us full of heavenly consolations."

O God, we are happy because thou lovest us and we love thee. Help us to love thee more and more and all those whom thou lovest. We open our hearts to thee. Enter and abide. Abba, Father; Jesus, Lover of my soul!

If things don't go to suit us,
  Let's never fume or fret,
For finding fault with fortune
  Ne'er mended matters yet;
Make best of what'er happens,
Bear failure like a man;
In good or evil fortune
  Do just the best you can.

—Eben E. Rexford.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in the First Congregational Church of Oakland on Wednesday, September 3, 1913. Adjournment will be made therefrom for a business meeting in San Francisco to ratify whatever action may be taken in Oakland or for the transaction of other business.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City.

Campbell.—Our Sunday school and audiences are picking up again as the vacationers return. Several of our scholars while off on their vacation being unable to find a Sunday school near, organized a school in camp, rather than miss their record. One lad—enters high school this fall—rode 26 miles on his "bike" and reached Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. The two churches in town are having union services every Sunday evening, alternating between the two churches. Our church is planning for a social soon and dedication of the new church parsonage with appropriate exercises. Fourteen have joined the church in the last three months and six more expect to join on September 7, the tenth anniversary of the present pastorate. The Ladies' Guild expects to have the church renovated by then and a new carpet.

San Francisco, First.—At the service in Temple Emanu-El next Sunday morning Rabbi Meyer will give an address of welcome. Last Sunday's First Church calendar announced: "The worship will be such as Jew and Christian may alike enjoy and from which both may receive a benediction. Hymns, scripture lessons, and prayers will breathe a common faith in the one true and living God, the Father of us all, and Dr. Aked's sermon will be "The Creed of a Universalist." The Mayor of San Francisco and Mrs. Rolph will be present, and it is probable that the Mayor will make a short address in appreciation of this demonstration of Hebrew-Christian friendliness. As far as the seating capacity of Temple Emanu-El will permit, visitors (Hebrews and Christians) will be heartily welcomed." In the "Good Bye" to the old building it was said: "Today we say 'Good-bye' to a building consecrated by the devotion, faith, and self-sacrifice of Dr. Adams and by the courage, zeal, and generosity of men and women who gave themselves to the work of God. This church, to the eye that sees only visible things, is neither great nor beautiful; but to the eye of faith that alone sees right, which sees into the invisible, it is great and splendid. It represents a noble faith. It stands for heroic enterprise. It incarnates the initiative, the daring, the generosity of a man of God, Dr. George C. Adams, and of men and women who shared his spirit, sustained him by their love, and co-operated in his toil. For the church was opened twelve months after the Fire! When men and women sat among the ruins of their homes and the wreck of their fortunes they arose and re-built the House of God. It was the first church in the city re-built after that Day of Disaster. And the men and women who raised it from the smoking ashes of a city overwhelmed merit the praises of more than one generation. The memory of the righteous is a blessing to mankind. But the church is inadequate to our needs. This queen city by the sea must have one great central, commanding church, accessible from al parts of the city to all sorts and conditions of people; a church where visitors to San Fran-

cisco from all ends of the earth may resort freely, assured of open doors and open hearts; a church in which will be proclaimed a gospel limited by no sectarian or ecclesiastical prejudices but as broad as human need and as deep as the love of God. So the command has come to us to arise and build. And tomorrow the work of destruction begins —only so that a new and grander church may take the place of the one we have outgrown."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

"Since the Rev. H. E. Banham resigned his pastorate at Eureka, hoping by a change of climate to benefit his health, he has been seriously ill at Cloverdale. Six weeks ago he went to Cloverdale for rest and medical advice. At first the doctors gave him but little encouragement, but the past week has shown a slight improvement in his condition.

Next Monday the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held in the First Congregational Church of Alameda. There will be a session at 11 in the forenoon and another at 1:30 in the afternoon. In the forenoon there will be an address by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks. At 12:30 lunch will be served by the ladies of the church for 35 cents. In the afternoon there will be an exposition of the 51st Psalm by the Rev. E. A. Roys of the Fruitvale Avenue Church. An "Experience Hour" will be in charge of the Rev. George Laughton, at which time problems and experiences and spiritual longings will be presented voluntarily and considered so as to be mutually helpful. It is the aim to make the meeting a thoroughly spiritual one in preparation for the work which the pastors are called to do as shepherds of their flocks. The Pacific is asked to announce that the wives of the pastors are invited. So far as possible, let Mr. Mears, the pastor of the Alameda church, know whether you will attend, if you did not do so last Monday.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks has sent out a letter to the pastors of the Congregational churches in California which we quote in the main as follows: "Obedient to the invitation of the Conference of Congregational Churches in Northern and Southern California I have come to Berkeley to be your servant in behalf of the Congregational young people in the University of California. Two things, with the help of those associated with me here, I shall try to do. First, to bring to the students during these years when perplexities easily and naturally arise, a clear and compelling vision of life as interpreted in and through Jesus Christ, and second, to do what lies in my power to relate them cordially and helpfully to the church as the instrument through which the disciples of Jesus may best work for the Kingdom. You recognize how difficult this task is and I recognize how easily I may fail to do what both of us hope to see done. I shall want your help in every possible way. Let me suggest now these two things. First, will you not send me a list of the students who have come from your home town to attend the University of California, Congregational and otherwise if you can, with such word about them as might be of help in getting in touch with them. Second, when you can use me in your own pulpit and I can get away from Berkeley please remember that I am at your service and will be glad to know the students in their own homes. Any information or any suggestion which you can at any time offer which you think helpful I will be very glad to receive."

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Rev. A. L. Knudson who has been assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church of Everett for several months has entered on the pastorate of Green Lake Church. In his letter of acceptance of the call Mr. Knudson said: "You have honored me by a call to the pastorate of your church. It is gratifying to know that you have, upon brief acquaintance, placed such confidence in me. All circumstances that have led up to this have been such that it is quite evident that the Lord is in it. . . . It is my earnest desire as I enter upon this pastorate, that as pastor and people we may have a clear vision of what our duty is, and work together in such fellowship, harmony and unity as to most worthily fulfil that duty. It is most essential that we should realize that we can do nothing without the Lord. We must go forth by his authority and in his strength to fulfil the mission, and accomplish the work to which he has called us. If we pray and work together as the Lord shall give us light we can not fail. In this time of spiritual testing, to which all our churches are being subjected, we need a strong faith, a holy consecration, and a God-inspired courage if we are to go forth to spiritual conquest."

SARAH HEALD STEARNS.

Mrs. Sarah Heald Stearns of Oakland died at the Fabiola Hospital Aug. 13, her death occurring some weeks subsequent to a severe operation attempted as the only possibility of saving her life.

She was 65 years of age, having been born in Lovell, Maine, Feb. 20, 1848. She was married Sept. 3, 1867, to Henry M. Stearns of the same place. They came to San Francisco in 1870, her husband having accepted a position in the Heald Business College, of which her brother, E. P. Heald, was president, with which institution Prof. Stearns has been connected ever since. For the past 38 years they have resided at 1025 Eighth street, Oakland. Mrs. Stearns is survived by her husband and her son, Edward H. Stearns, a sucessful lawyer of Chicago, both of whom were with her in her last hours.

She was for many years a member of the First Congregational Church of Oakland and took an active interest in the work of the missionary and Ladies' Aid Societies. She was also a member of the Oakland Chapter of the D. A. R., having derived her eligibility to such membership from her maternal ancestor, Capt. Abram Andrews of Revolutionary fame.

Mrs. Stearns was a woman of such modest and unassuming manner that her considerable accomplishments were known only to her intimate friends and associates, such as the members of the Shakespeare club of which she was a member and by which her contributions were highly appreciated.

She was a woman of rare unselfishness, manifested not only in untiring devotion as wife and mother, but extending to other relatives and friends, many of whom were recipients of her kindness.

She was a woman of great strength of character, bearing with fortitude the severe sufferings of her last illness as she had been wont to do all the untoward events of life. She kept to the end a firm grip on the great essentials of religion. While fully conversant with the changes in thought that have taken place during her life-time and in sympathy with many of them, she held to an unshaken faith in God and in the future life. Calmly facing the future, she said when near her end, "I am in the hands of God. I shall go to the place I am fitted for."

The Home.

THE LARK'S SONG.

He sang of life and liberty
And joy he could not speak,
He sang down in the valley
And he sang up on the peak.
He sang among the sunbeams
And he sang amid the snow—
He sang because his heart was full
Of only good, you know.

He sang while soaring upward
Of the thoughts he could not speak—
Of the glory of the sunbeams
And the light up on the peak;
Of the peace found in the valley,
And the radiance of the snow,
Telling of Love, and Life, and Truth—
Of only God, you know.

—Mabel G. Inglis.

One of the purest and most refined pleasures in this world is that of doing good.—Henry.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.—Franklin.

MASCULINE DISINTEREDNESS.

This is to be a talk to men about their homes—not a scolding, but a friendly chat.

In the first place, then, how much share have you in your homes?

Some of you will reply promptly that you have a large amount of stock in it, if you can judge by the sums of money you pay to run it. But that is not what I mean. When you asked a woman to marry you and make a home for you, you undoubtedly knew the operation would cost money and if you were so careless as to select an extravagant wife or so short-sighted as to make an insufficient estimate of what the home would cost, that was a business mistake on your part and you should have enough sporting blood to take the consequences without making a fuss about it.

As I did not intend to go into this branch of the subject when I asked you what share you have in the home. The point on which I am making inquiry is as to your part in the arrangement and conduct of the house, the way in which the furniture is placed, the proportion of interest you take in the work your wife has to do to keep it in order, the responsibility you yourself feel about it.

Now don't tell me that you are not a mollycoddle or a "buttinski," that you don't expect your wife to run your business and you don't undertake to run her house, that you just naturally despise a man who is fussing about women's work all the time and a lot of other things of the same class. I know all this and I have no intention of heaping slanders upon you by my mild question, I ask it just to learn, if I can, how many men there are who bear their proportion of the duties connected with housekeeping, who double their wives' enjoyment in the home by the right sort of interest in it and what it contains.

So I would like to know if you add to your wife's happiness in the home by this sort of interest. Do you see and comment favorably upon the little improvements and changes she makes about the house? Do you notice when she puts up the fresh curtains or when she alters the position of a picture, or changes the arrangement of the furniture? (I have heard of men who commented upon it by swearing when they stumbled over a chair or table in an unfamiliar place!) Do you let her know that you observe her efforts to render the house more attractive, or do you just take things for granted and not pay any attention to it at all,—except to grumble when things don't suit you?

Possibly you may say: "But I don't notice those things. It isn't natural to me to pay attention to details of that sort. I don't even know when my wife has a new gown!"

May I inquire if you think this anything to be proud of? Don't you feel it is rather cause for shame? Would you like it if you made changes you considered improvements in the house or grounds and your wife never even saw them, so far as you knew? Would you be pleased if when you had arrayed yourself in festal attire and thought you looked uncommonly well—even for you—your wife took no notice of your splendor and when you pointed it out to her, said carelessly: "Very nice, my dear, but you know I never can tell one suit from another?"

Just meditate on this a little and see what you think of it.

We all of us enjoy approval. We are all of us encouraged by praise. It's a pity more men don't appreciate this and give their wives the cheap comfort of commendation a little oftener.

Perhaps you don't care for words of approbation. Perhaps it means nothing to you when your employer, if you have one, or your business associate, or your professional brother, tells you something you have accomplished is well done and reflects credit upon you.

Well, there may be such men as that, but I am happy to say I have never met one, and so I am inclined to think that probably you like a little encomium as well as the rest of humanity—as well as your wife, for example! How often do you give it to her? You are doubtless ready enough to find fault when breakfast is late or the coffee is poor, or the soup is scorched, or the coal bill is large, but are you as ready to give honor when and where honor is due?

Of course, it is your wife's business to keep the house! I know that. You may say that you don't wish to have her interfere with your office, and so you don't interfere with her housekeeping. Do you think the cases are quite parallel? You can run your office without her; she has no active part in it, no matter how great may be the secret influence the thought of her has upon your work. But you are very part of the home. For you it exists and without you it would be a lame and forlorn dwelling place. Don't you see how it is "up to-you" to show more interest in it than would be displayed by the occupant of a boarding house in the room for which he pays by the week?

Then as to the wife's work. Even in this advanced day I believe there are some men who have an idea that a house practically runs itself. Of course, they know that there are meals to cook and dishes to wash, beds to make, floors to sweep and windows to clean, and various other things to be done, but they don't begin to have any notion of the amount of time and labor these things involve. I don't like to call you stupid, but I have a great deal of respect for men collectively, and for some of them individually, but honestly, don't you think you fail to appreciate the quantity of

work a woman has to do just to keep an ordinary home going?

Once I had the curiosity to make an estimate as to how many pieces there were to wash after an informal dinner for four or five people—a meal comprising soup, meat and vegetables, dessert and coffee. I am not sure of the exact figure, but it was somewhere between seventy and eighty pieces, counting silver, china and glass, and making no allowance for the kitchen utensils.

Washing dishes three times a day is only one tem in the daily work. I shall not go into details as to making beds and putting chambers to rights, preparing a room for sweeping, wielding the broom, the duster, the paint, floor and window cloths, preparing and cooking food and clearing up afterwards, washing, ironing, sewing—all the countless items of women' swork. "She is used to it," you may say lightly. Don't you believe it! She never gets really used to it! * * *

But all I plead is for an appreciation of the meaning of the home to your wife and the beautifying of that meaning it in your power to impart by your interest and sympathy, of the happiness you can give by words of approval and enjoment of her efforts for your comfort. Try it! The effort ought not to cost you much struggle and you will be repaid by a glow of self-commendation as well as by the sight of your wife's happiness and gratitude.—Christine Terhune Herrick.

IT'S LIFE.

"If your plans go wrong
As they sometimes will,
And the hours seem long
As you climb the hill,
Remember, my friend,
'Tis a part you play.
You'll find in the end
A brighter day.
It's life!

If a heart grows cold
That warmed to you,
And a friend you hold
To be stanch and true
Has faithless turned
Take heart, my friend,
'Tis a lesson learned
With a bitter end.
It's life!

For every smile
There is a tear;
For every mile
Both hope and fear;
When some are gay
Some must be sad;
Along our way
Are good and bad.
It's life!

What'er may be
Your share of woe
Next day may see
You come to know
A joyful heart
And perfect rest;
So play your part
And do your best.
It's life!"

For The Children.

ENOUGH FOR TWO.

One umbrella and two little girls—
That's how we sit out in the sun,
We snuggle up close to keep in the shade;
But that makes it all the better fun
For Bettie-Louise and me.

One umbrella and two little girls—
That's how we come home through the rain.
We snuggle up close to keep out of the wet,
And tell our secrets. We think it is plain
That's what storms are for, you see.

Rain or sunshine, we don't care which,
We two with one umbrella above.
'Most anything's big enough to share
If you snuggle up close, with lots of love,
Like Bettie-Louise and me.

—Kate W. Hamilton.

HOW SAMMY LOST FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Little Fifteen Minutes was sitting on the window-sill when Mother called Sammy at quarter past six in the morning. Sammy had lots of things to do, and he wanted to get them all out of the way so he could play ball with the boys after school in the afternoon.

Little Fifteen Minutes had promised to come early in the morning and help him weed the lettuce bed and water the flowers before breakfast; and, true to his word, there he sat in the bright sunshine grinning at Sammy.

"In just a second I'll get up," said Sammy.

He was very sleepy, and it felt soft and comfortable in bed; so he shut his eyes and—the next thing he knew the breakfast bell was ringing, and Little Fifteen Minutes was not sitting on the window-sill any more.

"Oh, dear," cried Sammy, jumping up, "now he's gone, but maybe, if I hurry awfully fast, I can catch him."

He leaned far out of the window and looked down in the garden below. There were the pretty pink roses looking up and begging for the morning drink Sammy had promised them the night before, but not a sign of Little Fifteen Minutes. He hadn't watered them all alone, not he!

Sammy dressed as fast as he could. There wasn't time for much of a wash, and he entirely forgot he had ears. Then his shoelace broke, but he tied it together in a great ugly knot, which made it much too short, because he didn't want to stop to put in another.

When he reached the breakfast-table, the pettijohn was quite cold, and so were the muffins, and he couldn't stop for scrambled eggs because he had to chase Fifteen Minutes.

"Don't forget that those weeds must come out of the lettuce bed to-day," said father as he went out the door.

"Don't forget to pick some peas for dinner, Sammy," called mother.

"Don't forget to take those eggs to old Mrs. White, the other side of the wood," warned grandma.

"Oh, dear," sighed Sammy, "if I only had Fifteen Minutes to help me!" But Little Ffteen Minutes was gone.

Sammy seized the empty basket on the kitchen table and ran out towards the vegetable garden, and there was "Peter Rabbit" trotting along the path in front of him. Peter had a basket, too. He jumped like anything when he heard Sammy, and hopped over the wall as fast as he could. Then he peeped through a hole between the stones to see what Sammy was about. His long, pink ears stuck up over the top of the wall, though of course Peter didn't know that. But Sammy saw them and called, "Hello, Peter, I've lost Little Fifteen Minutes. Have you seen anything of him?"

"Yes, indeed," squeaked Peter through the hole in the wall, "he ran out of the pea vines a little while ago."

"I'll give you a basket of peas and a head of lettuce if you'll help me catch him You can run awfully fast."

"All right," said Peter, scrambling back again over the wall, "but I doubt if I can. I've tried before."

"Pooh!" said Sammy. "You help me pick peas. We'll catch him."

So they went to work with a will. Peter bit the stems daintily with his white teeth, and filled his little basket again and again. At last there were enough so that Peter did not have to empty his into the big basket, and Sammy gave him a nice fat head of lettuce

Peter hid them in a hole in the wall, and then ran into the flower garden where Sammy was watering roses. Then he scurried all about looking for Fifteen Minutes. Sammy thought he might be asleep under a lilac bush, but he wasn't, not he—catch him doing a thing like that!

Without him there wasn't time to weed the lettuce bed before school, and, as it was, he was fifteen minutes late because he had to go in and "be cleaned up" before he went.

"You hunt all the morning, Peter," called Sammy, "and, if you find him, I'll give you a head of lettuce every day for a week."

Then Sammy ran off to school, and all the weeds in the lettuce bed made faces at him as he went by—the mean things!

Peter ran down the path, and got his basket of peas and tucked the head of lettuce under his arm, then he trotted off home. On the way he came upon Simon Wildcat asleep in the sun.

"Hello, Simon Wildcat," he called. "Have you seen anything of Little Fifteen Minutes this morning?"

"To be sure," yawned Simon, "he went by here on a dead run fifteen minutes ago."

"Oh, do help me catch him, Simon Wildcat," cried Peter, "he ran away from Sammy this morning."

"All right," said Simon, "I'll climb a tree and see if he's anywhere about."

So Simon ran up a tree, but it wasn't high enough, so he jumped on another, and then another, and pretty soon he was out of sight.

Sammy had to stay after school for being late, but Peter and Simon were sitting on the fence waiting for him when he came out. He hurried through his dinner, and then began to pull up all the weeds in the lettuce bed that had made faces at him as he went by, and served them right, too! Simon and Peter tried to help, but they got to fooling, and finally played tag among the lettuces instead, which didn't do them any particular good.

When the weeding was done, it was time for school again, so the eggs for old Mrs. White must be carried afterward just when the boys were playing ball. If he only could catch Little Fifteen Minutes, though, he might get back for the end of the game.

"Never mind, Sammy, we'll catch him yet," squeaked Peter.

"Of course we will," screamed Simon as he sprang from branch to branch.

Peter ran in all the holes along the path and under all the bushes, but found no trace of Little Fifteen Minutes.

Sammy trotted along as fast as he could, but of course he had to go carefully on account of the eggs.

Pretty soon they came to Mrs. Fox's hole. Young Elisha Fox sat before the door, all dressed up in his store clothes.

"Hello," cried Elisha Fox, "what's the hurry?"

"We're trying to catch Little Fifteen Minutes," said Sammy. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"Just passed here a little while ago," said Elisha Fox. "I don't believe you'll catch him."

"Oh, do please, Mr. Fox, come and help us, nobody runs as fast as you."

"Well, I will, just to oblige you, Sammy, though I hardly like to," said Elisha, "because it's my mother's birthday, and I've got on my second best trousers and my best jacket with the velvet buttons; but, if you'll give me an egg for my mother's cake, I will."

"All right," said Sammy. So off they all went as fast as they could to the old lady White's where Sammy left the eggs.

But for all their hurry, the ball game was quite over, and the boys gone home to supper when they got back to the meadow.

They were so tired and discouraged that they sat down by the side of the road and, when the Sun came along on his way to bed, they were all sitting there crying.

"Bless my soul," said he, with a broad smile, "what's the matter?"

"We've been trying to catch Little Fifteen Minutes all day," sobbed Sammy, "and we can't.

"Nobody ever did. I saw him half an hour ago scurrying along the road to Yesterday as fast as he could travel. I'm on the way there myself now. I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll send round his little brother in the morning at six fifteen sharp. Mind you don't let him get away from you, for the whole minute family run like anything. Good-night."

Well, they all ran home to bed as fast as they could, except Elisha Fox, and he went back to his mother's party.—The Myrtle.

PULPIT SUPPLY.

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The question of all questions is that of our relationship to God and of the quality of our spiritual life. Nothing else is of much importance.—R. J. Campbell.

CARELESS AND BUSY MOTHER.

She was careless and busy; that was all. She loved her child, but the weeds grew in the child's heart while the mother was careless and busy. Then he was a youth. Before the mother realized it the child was a big boy. The mother continued to be careless and busy. Then he was a man, and the mother grieved because she had no influence over him. He had gone to the bad while the mother was careless and busy; that was all. No, that was not all. The young man's sins and dissipation resulted in a premature death. He went to eternity without hope of reward, his mother having been careless and busy. The world was cheated out of a life that might have been of great worth to man and God because a mother was careless and busy. The influence of a life of sin is to go on for untold ages making it more difficult for others to be good because a mother was careless and busy. A mother's heart is broken; she will go down to her grave in sorrow because she was careless and busy. A mother's heart is broken; she will go down to her grave in sorrow because she was caeless and busy. We judge not, but we cannot drive away the thought: Better that she had never been born than to have been all her life as a mother careless and busy. Only careless and busy.—By Rev. R. S. Satterfield in Christian Advocate.

A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

Whereupon there ensued a struggle to induce the applicant to relinquish her idea that she must be addressed by her Christian name. For some time she was rigidly uncompromising.

"Under the circumstances" said the lady of the house, "there is nothing to do but to follow the English custom and call you by your last name. By the way, what is it?"

"Well, mum," answered the girl dubiously "it's 'Darling.' "—Harper's

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